Issue 3

UMBILICAL 'DISCORD'

Unsheathe your dagger definitions

DISSENT OVER THE EDGE

THE PLANET WATCHER

Messenger of black planet,
Watches world from position unknown.
High above, outside
Planet Watcher Aneno
With eyes that cannot to be glimpsed
Body of otherworldly fungal matter,
Writhing terror, dark shapes.

Produces spores of madness,
A vile cosmic photosynthesis.
Converts darkness of space into agent of horror
Sends spores to grow into degrading human emotion.

Birthing to confine,
Bathes planet in shrieks of Bradley-Martin.
Satellite of grotesque matter encircles Aneno.
Vulnerable spikes protruding black planets energy
Ancient bacteria trickles bad blood.

Light of stars refract through Aneno's crystal shell,
Bouncing off into far corners.
Strange visions picked up by those with minds capable of receiving them,
Fear of black planet circulates somnium.
Clouds of mess, tentacle slime uproar.

Aneno's sharp daggers,
Black memories concealed by gravitational misery.
Hidden facet of world,
Arrows of adversity.
Ancient cave painting of the diseased mind
Aneno, watching.

a message from our CEO

"I promise there'll always be someone to tickle your chin"

The following excerpt is from an interview with famed writer William B. Sorrows shortly after his death.

London [redacted]73

INTERVIEWER

One thing that always fascinates me about your work is the so called 'AU' period where the enigmatic and esoteric mystic AU seemed to forcefully inhabit your writing. What was it about his work that inspired you so much?

WILLIAM B. SORROWS

Nobody believed in AU and his life's work and that's precisely what gives it flavour. He never stopped producing a body of what can only be described as preternatural. He gave birth to children so against the flow of existence, it was profusely shocking to uncover that such ideas could exist in your world.

INTERVIEWER

I think many of our readers would be infuriated with us if we didn't ask you why you decided to dispose of a sizeable treasure trove of AU's work after uncovering it? It's a fairly shocking thing to do with someone's work who you obviously admire so much.

WILLIAM B. SORROWS

It was abundantly clear that only I could decode and understand AU's work. No one else was interested in the sheer amount of forms he somehow captured and trapped onto his pages. I made the decision to destroy it as the world was not ready. I absorbed every page AU produced and purposely diluted it so it could be digested by your people. If I let others get their hands on AU's work raw, then you'd be in a much different world I'll tell you—and not necessarily a good one.

INTERVIEWER

One of your most bewitching and complex works is the experimental novella 'Silent Noon of Sleep' produced during the aftermath of the pandemic in the 'Abhorring Twenties' as they were later named. It must be said that without a shadow of a doubt, there was never a story told in that way before that time. The so called 'Virus Fiction' concept must've baffled those who refused to be infected with it's ghastly and disturbing genius. But, I must ask; what did the ending mean? Even today after so many years, no one can grasp the meaning of it.

WILLIAM B. SORROWS

I thought it was fairly obvious, but I can see now why it continues to baffle. Personally I'm ashamed of the tawdry nature of the meaning so I won't explain it. But, I can help your readers to ascertain the right path. One only needs to pay certain attention to a poetic verse from the chapter The Seventh Night Warning:

Warm hills and screaming occurs—
I'll call on his whole dream mechanism,
Silent noon of sleep, in the
Gates of matter experimentation

INTERVIEWER

And before we depart, I was wondering how are you adjusting?

WILLIAM B. SORROWS

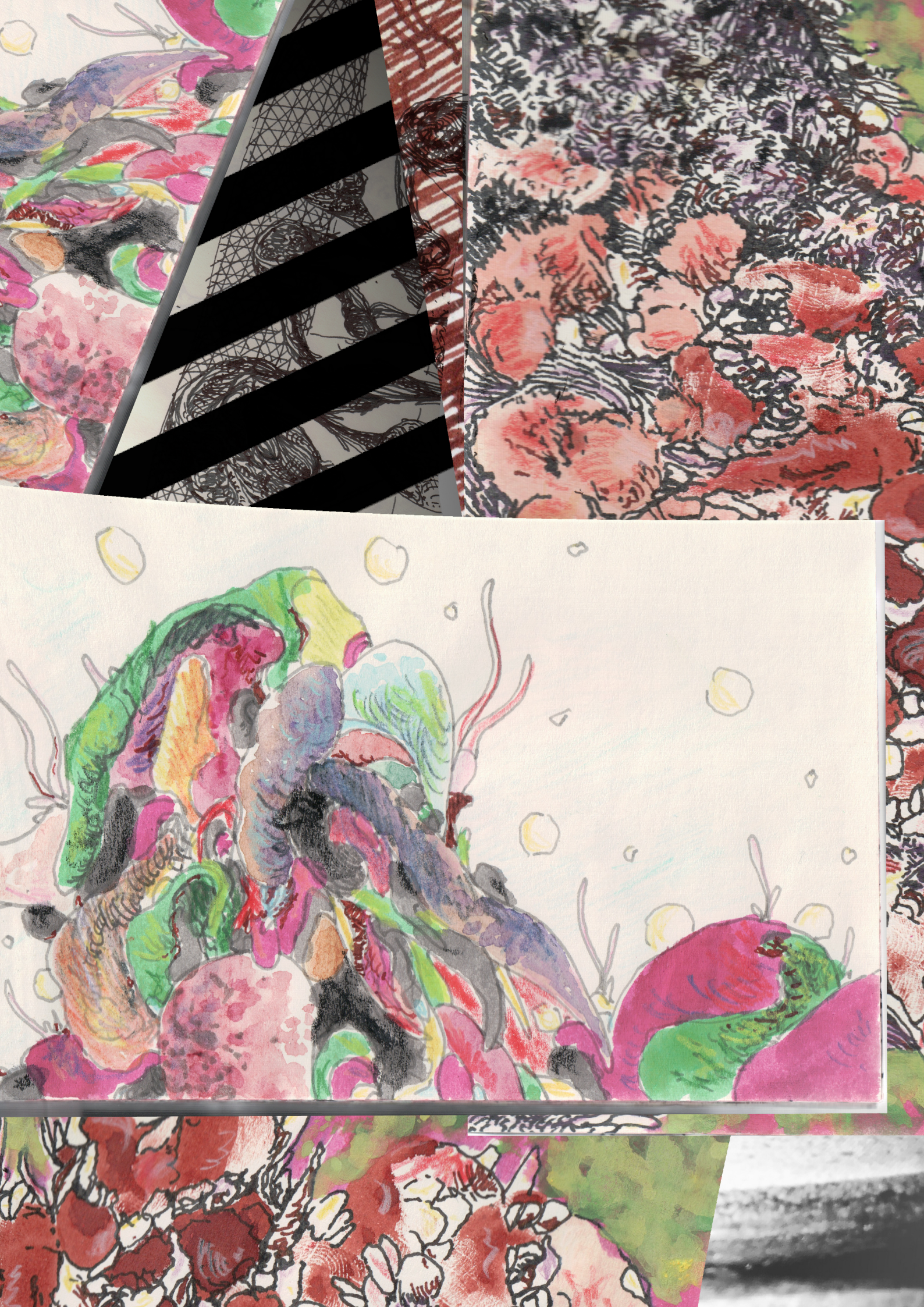
I'd rather not discuss it to be frank. One deserves to have some modicum of surprise.

INTERVIEWER

Any last words you'd like to leave our readers with before we depart?

WILLIAM B. SORROWS

Only one thing I suppose. The Sorrows is silent—so wake up.



It hit me again, like a dull club to the back of the head; this is exactly the same fate as before. How did I end up like this? No matter. I'll get out. I have faith... even though what's left of my sanity is slipping.

This petrified forest and it's vile metallic stench. How can anyone find their bearings in such a place? Only now can I truly understand hate, as these mocking, living-dead trees are the most despised thing I've ever encountered. I cannot fathom the damage to my lungs they've caused by breathing in their abusive spores, but it's the only way. Turning back is impossible.

I can see an opening! An exit! I've made it. But wait. This idol... is calling to me. My body is being pulled to it while my mind is attempting to rip out of my flesh and escape. I cannot escape. What is this symbol that stands before me?! Oh no. I can see. I can see...

LAST MAN ALIVE

Chapter 3

GROTESQUE

Welcome despair the voice whispers.
I know its fingerprint.
I feel this exact moment.
All is slow and all is becoming.

Angles disperse around me.
As the star-shine darkens ninefold.
Shooting stars and comets of light.
The Outspectre.

Our words are now one.

I feel your manacles, they endure.
Why here, because the age is now.
I escaped, possessed by a dream.
Eternally chained, I shall save you.
Alone, I shall make you perfect.

And give you a place in the–
It will rise again.

Who are you? I'm ages.
What are you? Taurus, the secret shape of space-time.

Images millions images
coming I the me powers
that's me, I powers I out got
shot coming organisms ever I me

I refuse you, it's too late.
I am strong, we made you what you are.
I have agency, not inside.

the screams
images got, got images
any eat of millions
what million millions

What do you want? To sell images.
To sell dreams that have become...
Nightmares

of I powers poet
coming the all got
and millions of hip, the
Revenge, it's stolen land.

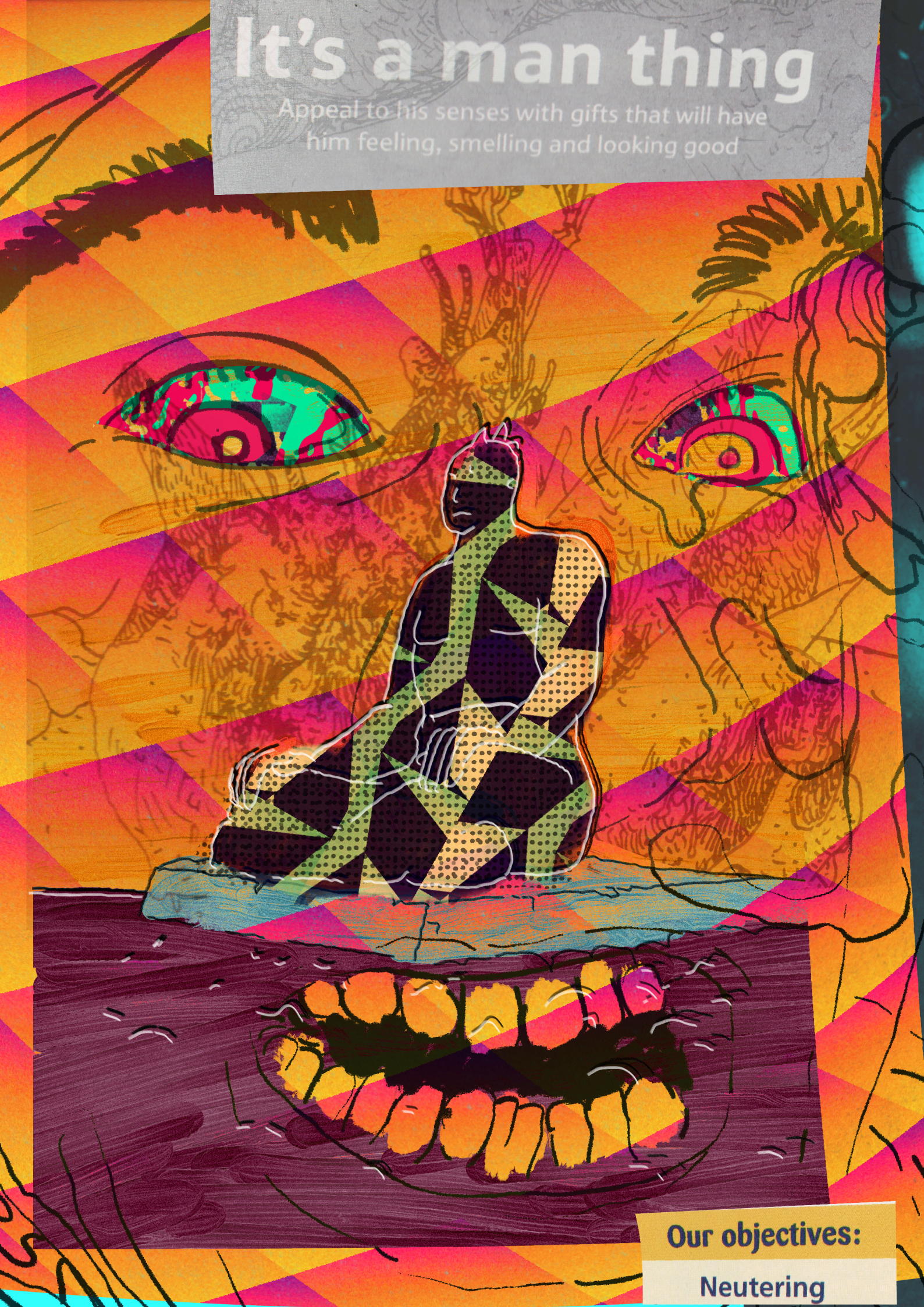
I know who you are.

I am all that remains of a once powerful nation.
I am the spectacle.

Showtime.

It's a man thing

Appeal to his senses with gifts that will have him feeling, smelling and looking good



Our objectives:

Neutering

A FRIEND TO STRAYS

16:00

"I'm a plumbers daughter I'll have you know."

Met that dirty hope pusher again. Crunchkin and his gang. Selling bathtub tranquillisers or some rubbish, lost eyes. And then there was that Malcolm guy. Mean-spirited face with bitter wrinkles. His cheap aftershave snailtrail sunk my mood like a drowned rat.

I was speaking with that girl about life and stuff, that shady girl with the umbrella. Wearing all white changed her look. She jokingly asked if the amazing future I thought up could hurry and get here.

"No. It takes... time."

I don't know where that came from, but it felt right.

CHAOS BETWEEN

The little people were there again. On the stairs. Only the cat can see them besides me. She's made such a mess of those stairs. Or were they always like that? I wonder why they appear on those particular steps? I hate the thought of them going anywhere else in the house. I value my privacy. If I'm not here, I'm nowhere.

Stupid people! Always making noise! I wonder who painted that red mark on my outside gate. It looked like a face with horns? He thought it was supposed to be a red pyramid. Funny how you see things differently with the same eyes. Took a while to rub out the red. Hurt my bad knee.

THAT SORT OF PERSON, THE FALLEN

He used to call it his little 'mystick' and whoever it faced after a long drawn out windup throw, was the chosen. Throw it at the one you love and then it always hit himself he made the watermelon seeds grow himself once too.

I wonder if he ever found him. That wizard man. I know he was close when he went to the bread heads or whatever people call them. Naming themselves after cheap pain.

"This rough magick is my gift to you. You are in the future; the future is anunable monstrosity I created. You think you have the gift of life? Think again. The trick is to cross this out with no fear."

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

SHEM SHELLEY MUST DESTROY A SYSTEM, OR BE ENSLAVED BY ANOTHER HUMAN'S. HE WILL NOT REASON AND COMPARE: HIS BUSINESS IS TO DESTROY.

Source: Merlin

BOOKRECOMMENDATION

Oneiromancy by Winétt de Rokha

A wonderful, vibrant book of poetry written by a Chilean woman cast as her husbands muse, who can finally break free from HISstory's grip with the only available English translation of her superb poems. Scan QR code to find out more information.